FINDS THAT THERE ARE ETHICS EVEN IN HEAD HUNTING

Dr. William Curtis Farabee of the University of Pennsylvania, Back From Perilous Expedition up the Amazon, Tells of Wonders He Saw There

THERE are ethics even in head hunting, according to Dr. William Curtis Farabee, who has just got home after three years spent in exploring remote regions of the Amazon. Among the tribes he visited were two, the Mundurucus and the Jiveros, who still keep up the practice. One of the trophies he brought back for the University of Pennsylvania was a collection of four belts made of human teeth—the most prized accoutrements that any Mundurucu could possess.

As to the ethics of head hunting Dr. Farabee says no self-respecting Mundurucu or Jivero would go forth with bow and arrow and stone hatchet after the head of a national enemy because of the pangs of hunger or the desires of trade expansion. Head hunters are not cannibals nor are they ambitious for aggrandizement. On the contrary they regard themselves as lovers of peace. But from time immemorial feuds have existed among them, and the only worthy method of treating their traditional enemies is to seek and obtain their heads.

When a head is brought in by an intrepid warrior the village prepares to celebrate the exploit by assembling around a fire over which a potion rivalling that of the witches of "Macbeth" is concocted. If it is a Mundurucu village the head of the enemy after having been boiled to the required tenderness is smoked for its preservation and the teeth are extracted. A three days dance is held in honor of the victory.

The Jiveros, however, vary the process by removing the bones from the head of the enemy and shrinking it to the proportions of a big man's fist. This is also preserved—an object lesson perhaps for the rising generation.

The belts testifying to the existence of head hunting are but a small part of the collection brought back after what scientists regard as the most hazardous trip ever made into the forest of the Amazon. Excavations of prehistoric pottery and burial vases, some of them more than three feet tall; records of the music of Indians never before visited by white men, ethnological work among more than thirty tribes heretofore known by name only are all included in Dr. Farabee's achievement.

Most of the explorers of the Amazon Valley have confined their attention to the river bank. To go 100 yards from the margin of the stream, even to-day, is in places to be swallowed up in the wilderness. Dr. Farabee went far into the interior.

Long, lean and gaunt, with the clear eye of the man who has spent years in the open, and a leathery skin yellowed by tropical suns without and burning fevers within, the hero of the expedition was scarcely recognizable to ..... friends upon his return. Three years spent with head hunters, with enormous anacondas, with deadly insects and in a country that is crowded with rank vegetation and yet yields very little that is edible, could scarcely help but leave their mark. Even the taking of one's daily bath in the streams of the Amazon Valley is a hazardous adventure, since they abound in the perainha, or biting fish, so vividly described by Col. Roosevelt.

Dr. Farabee arrived at Para in June, 1913. After a few preliminary expeditions up the main stream, he met on the edge of British Guiana two white men—the only two in that section of the country—H. P. C. Melville, Magistrate and protector of the Indians for the whole of southern Guiana, and John Ogilvie, a Scotchman in the employ of the British Government. It was in Mr. Melville's house at Dadanawa that they made preparations for the most adventurous of all the expeditions, the journey into the unexplored forest in southern British Guiana.

Melville did his best to dissuade Dr. Farabee from the trip, declaring that the chances were against his coming out alive. Dr. Farabee refused to be dissuaded, but persuaded Ogilvie to go with him. Six months later Melville passed them on the street, and so changed were they by the effects of the journey that he did not recognize them. Dr. Farabee's account of that trip is thrilling.

"It was most successful," he said. "From December 16, 1913, to April 1, 1914, we were among tribes who had never seen white men before. All of them were very interesting. None had ever seen matches or guns or salt or clothing before. All had beads and knives; all wanted fishhooks, and many got their first ones from us.

"On our trip into the Waiwai country it was necessary to reduce the party to six, four Indians, Ogilvie and myself. A larger party couldn't live on the country. The tribes live far apart, often ten or twelve days over rough mountains and across rivers. Three-fourths of the time and all of the last month we had to depend upon the game and fish we could catch. Our ammunition got low, but the Indians with us used their bows and arrows well. When we got out we had two loads of shot and seventeen rifle cartridges left—a narrow margin.

Conebo chief in ceremonial costume.

Waiwai man.

The dancing master.

Indian girl, British Guiana.

Conebo man in ball costume.

"Sometimes we had plenty of food; often nothing; sometimes fruit and nuts; sometimes for two days nothing but alligator; sometimes nothing but the heart or head of the palm tree. The wild turkey and black monkey supplied the best of our food. We often found birds' nests. When not in the rapids we got fish.

"Ogilvie had been fourteen years in the bush and was the best man I ever saw for such work, but he found here the worst waterfalls he had ever seen. In what are known as the Great Falls we spent several days. It was impossible to get through. We carried everything overland to the foot of the falls on the Dutch side and there to our joy we found four large canoes belonging to men hunting balata gum, who were deep in the forest. I took one Indian and followed a trail for two days, but could not find them. This was the worst trip of my experience. Ogilvie was too weak to go. There was nothing else to do but to take one of the strange canoes, a great crime in Dutch Guiana. The next day we met some negroes and persuaded them to take us down to the first store and to return the canoe.

"We got out none too soon, as Ogilvie was having fever every night and I severe chills and fever every other night. Having fever all night and working hard all day on poor food cut us to pieces rapidly. When I left Philadelphia my weight was 193 pounds. When we reached the Dutch storehouse it was 145 pounds. We arrived bareheaded and barefooted and starved, of course."

Of the characteristics and customs of the natives he met during the course of the expedition Dr. Farabee is enthusiastic. After their first timidity at the appearance of white men had vanished they were courteous and gracious and received the explorers with a hospitality from which the white man could well take lessons.

One of the most interesting discoveries made by Dr. Farabee was that there are women in the world who have no thoughts of dress to occupy their minds and yet remain happy and contented. Virtually all of the tribes he visited go nude except for a beaded shirt for the men and an apron for the women—worn on ceremonial occasions.

On these occasions the Indians perform native dances totally unlike the modern North American kind, said by many to have originated with the South American Indians. The dances are accompanied by weird, hypnotic music performed on a flutelike instrument. The dances can be brought about by anything from the taking of an enemy's head to a death or the curing of a snake bite.

One of the most picturesque experiences encountered by Dr. Farabee and his party was when they came upon a village assembled for the purpose of curing one of its inhabitants of a poisonous snake bite. The victim was stretched upon the ground. Around him were dancers who after sucking the wound alternately blew and spat upon not only the bite but all of the man's joints. In an outer circle sat the musicians, who played such an insidious, plaintive tune that even the strangers had difficulty in resisting the hypnosis it was designed to induce. The bitten man was more or less hypnotized and by this method, as far as the visitors could observe, was cured.

Marriage takes place at a very early age among these aborigines. In some cases a boy is required by custom to take two of his cousins on his mother's side for his wives. A great many of the tribes are monogamous. Inbreeding is favored, although brothers and sisters may not marry. The men are virile and of medium stature. The women are strong and beautiful, though of smaller height.

A curious custom obtains among the Waiwai. When a child is born it is the father who takes to his hammock and remains there for a month. He refrains from all strong food and is served with delicacies by the women just as though he were an invalid. Meanwhile the mother of the child goes about her work just the same as usual.

Many of the villages have but two houses, one a communal affair in which there is a big general court with the apartments of the individual families abutting on it, and the other a house which the women seldom enter but which is maintained as a sort of men's club, in which they entertain visitors from other tribes.

The women would delight the hearts of the anti-suffragists. Moral suasion is their big stick. There is a native liquor which is very intoxicating. The women, however, do not touch it, although drunkenness is prevalent among the men. During the periods of intoxication of the men the women restrain them from bartering and the men obey with lamblike obedience.

The men entertain a deep affection for their wives and will barter anything else in their possession with neighboring tribes except the "cushma" or ceremonial shirt which the wives make.

Cassava, a root similar to the potato, is the staple article of food. Agriculture in its broader sense is unknown to these newly discovered Indians. The men hunt and fish and do the bartering. The women gather the fruit and nuts and grate the cassava. They are thoroughly impregnated with the idea that woman's place is the home.

Dr. Farabee is a native of Pennsylvania. He received his Ph. D. from Harvard in 1903 and was engaged in teaching and special scientific work for that university in 1913 when he accepted the position of curator of the American section of the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

"KEY OF WORLD," CLIFF FORTRESS ONE HUNDRED MILES LONG

Andrew Affleck, the etcher, some of whose sketches along the Verdun battle line are reproduced here, has a personality as interesting as his art. Years ago, before he had become famous, the young Scotch artist while working in France found copper plates expensive and the purchase of a printing press a formidable obstacle in the way of his progress. Yet a press was necessary; printing is an important part of the etcher's art, and he simply hated to suffer his proofs to be pulled by another's hand. At Etaples, near Calais, he bought old copper boilers and hammered out his own plates from them, and bargained for the capstan of an old fishing smack, which he converted into an etcher's press. It will be understood that to-day he no longer uses it!

In connection with the pictures a correspondent of THE SUNDAY SUN in Paris sends an account of the fortifications prepared by the Germans along the Meuse and of the current speculations as to the military purposes for which they were built.

WHILE destruction was storming on Verdun, one of the world's great etchers was completing the last plate of Verdun in its beauty.

Here is the story of the "key of the world" in picture.

Andrew Affleck, the adventurous Scotchman, is the author of the plates. His etchings of French and Belgian cathedrals are known all over America. He is a specialist of north France, Belgium and the River Meuse, beloved by artists. He permits THE SUN to publish his preliminary Verdun drawing, and has made to accompany it certain hurried sketches of the Meuse cliffs, on which all eyes are fixed.

Not Verdun, but the romantic little river on which Verdun sits is becoming the "key of the world." Through Shakespeare's Forest of Arden—for one theory places it in the Ardennes—where it flows in grace and beauty, the River Meuse, beloved by tourists, is to be assailed by hurricanes of fire and metal and clouds of poison gases. In a word, Germany is ready to use the River Meuse as her new western front in case of retreat from France and Belgium.

And what a western front—a wall of cliffs!

It is now known that Germany has transformed the Meuse cliffs into an unprecedented fortress 100 miles long. The low banks of the stream, for almost an equal distance, are mined with explosives. The river beloved by artists will be a place of terror in many forms.

The French army heads have known this for a long time. Indeed, Germany has established two new lines in Belgium. The first, prepared in case of a retreat from the Yser front, goes north from the old front at Maubeuge to Mons, strikes the little River Demdre north of Mons at Lens, follows the Dendre by way of Ath, Lessines, Grammont and Alost, to the Scheldt, and thence goes along the Scheldt to Antwerp. The other line is simply the course of the River Meuse, all the way from Verdun up to Maastricht and Aix-la-Chapelle.

This "front of the Meuse" was originally constructed by the Germans for use in case the French should pierce their lines near Verdun; and a retreat to it purely and simply would mean the abandonment by the German armies of all France and Belgium, except a little strip of both those counties east of the Meuse, containing the greatest iron mines of all Europe, which Germany laid hands on in the first months of the war, after having long been tempted by them. It is a story by itself, Germany's craving for the iron basin of Briey, and the cliffs of the Meuse, transformed to 100 miles of fortress, are, at worst, to protect this booty, along with the Fatherland.

"The front of the German fatherland, they will surely call it that!" exclaimed the fighting Scotch artist. "Liege is the principal fulcrum; and it is said that they have carried a line across to Antwerp to hold Antwerp as long as they can, but in the last resort, it is 'the artists' line,' the Meuse, from Verdun up to Holland, that is to be Germany's last stand in the west."

"In case the Allies break through between Soissons and Verdun?" was suggested by THE SUN correspondent.

"In any case," he answered. "It's a question of numerical forces. When Germany hasn't enough men to defend her old western front she will retire."

Col. Dupuye of the French army was present, so the correspondent turned to him.

"How much saving will the front of the Meuse mean to Germany?"

"The line of trenches from Belfort to the sea is 800 kilometers," answered the French Colonel. "The Meuse front cuts off 250 kilometers, all saved, of course, from Verdun to the sea. The Germans have recently employed some ninety divisions in the west, which averages, say, one division per ten kilometers. A division has fifteen or twenty thousand men, which makes from 1,500 to 2,000 men per kilometer. Trenches can be held by 1,000 men per kilometer; that is, one man per meter.

"And that's not all," continued the French Colonel. "Add thirty-five more German divisions against our front. It has weakened them a lot."

"Weakened them?" asked the correspondent. "How could it weaken them to bring up thirty-five new divisions against you from the Balkans, from the Russian front, from the German depots and all over?"

"You forget Verdun," he answered. "Forty divisions have been weakened around Verdun. Their losses are far beyond half a million. And they still have thirty divisions on that short stretch of fifty kilometers. All to the prejudice of the remainder of the front."

It is said that Germany has been defending her trenches against the French and English in many sections with as few as 900 men per kilometer.

"They do it with machine guns," he said. "A machine gun replaces 200 men—up to a certain limit. A machine gun shoots 600 bullets per minute. Much depends upon the country, whether it is flat or hilly and whether the enemy is ready to attack or not. You see?"

The correspondent began to see.

"Cliffs?" he suggested, "100 miles of cliffs?"

The French Colonel shook his head. "There are cliffs along the Meuse which need nobody to hold them, in a way of speaking," he answered. "The Germans can bore them like quarries, like Gibraltar. Their artillery, safe in its cliff shelter, running back and forth on rails, can sweep attackers on the low lying opposite bank afar off. Suppose we attack them, in turn, with artillery. We may pound upon the cliffs for weeks, but how are we to storm them when the whistle blows to advance and capture trenches?"

"Can you pierce the great works of the lower banks?"

He admitted that it would be very difficult.

Human elements of strength enhance them, chateaux turned into strongholds and pleasant country houses razed to make shellproof redoubts. They are all Belgian property, so the ruin cost Germany little. On the river are innumerable pontoons and portable bridges ready for use—or for immediate destruction. These positions command all the roads to Germany.

What does it mean? Why has Germany transformed the Meuse Valley, away behind her old front, into an inviolable fortified frontier? To make use of it means the giving up of north France and all Belgium except that narrow strip of beach east of the Meuse adjoining Germany. Obviously the Germans will quit the "conquered" territory only section by section when they no longer have men enough to defend a longer western front.

And why this hurry?

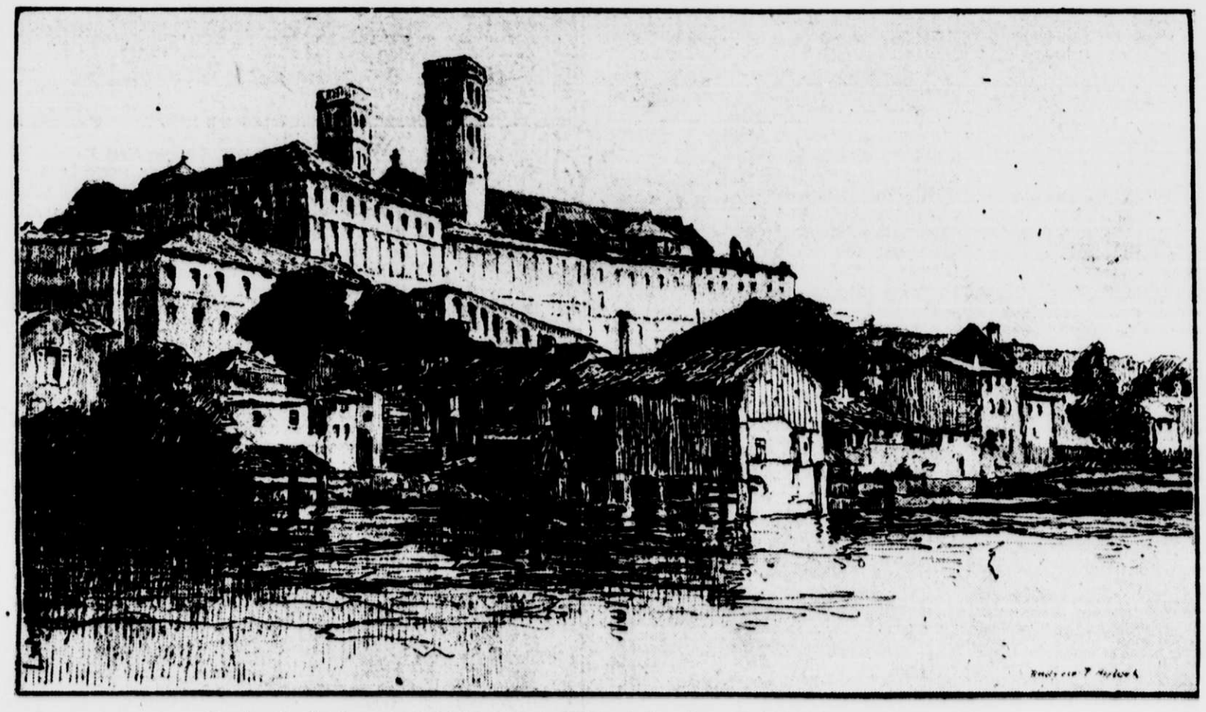
Are they building a military wall around what they still hope may be included in Greater Germany—the strip of France and Belgium east of the Meuse? The strip is narrow, but within it are the iron and coal of which they seem to make more store than human lives. And as the wider hope of conquest fades perhaps it is thought that the French and Belgian iron basin of Briey may be kept against a world fatigued with war.

The French Colonel did not seem worried.

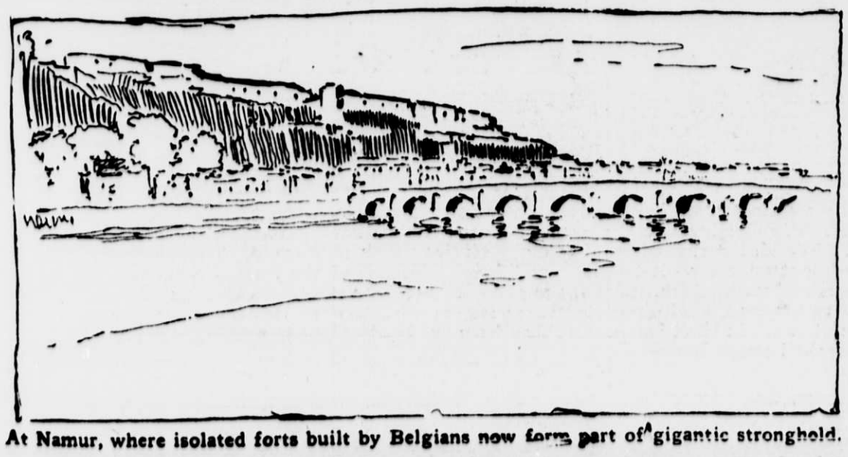
"They won't keep the Briey Basin," he said simply.

What then?

The cliff fortress 100 miles long—the most colossal ever dreamed of and accomplished by the mind of man—is it only to protect to the last Germany's slow retreat to her own line?

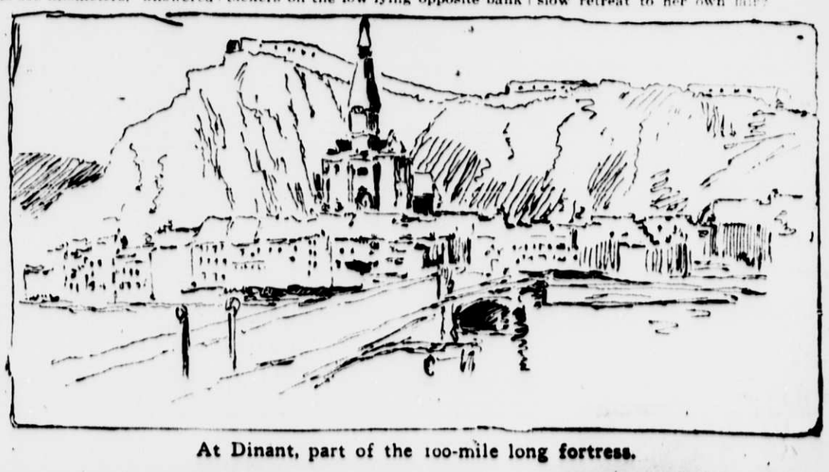


Verdun in its beauty, a hitherto unpublished drawing of Affleck's wartime etching.



At Namur, where isolated forts built by Belgians now form part of gigantic stronghold.

Cliffs on the Meuse at Moniat, Belgium, where the railroad tunnel is said to be used as a vast munitions storehouse.



At Dinant, part of the 100-mile long fortress.